

# Let's Switch Decades

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Summary: What happens when myself and Link Larkin switch bodies, and decades? Let's Switch Decades is a humorous story about living in another person's shoes and learning life lessons.

## Let's Switch Decades

\*\*A/N: Okay. This is my new brilliant idea for a story! It is basically a really feel good, fun story about myself switching bodies with Link Larkin. When it shows Link in my body, you will learn more about my life! Hah! It switches off every chapter, between Link and my point of view. It starts with mine!\*\*

\*\*I don't own anything in this beside myself. (:\*\*

"That was incredible." I said to Hannah as we walked out of the theatre.

"Ahh I know. Link is so cute. Him and Tracy's last kiss was amazing." She replied clasping her hands together and looking towards the ceiling. We started to hum to Without Love, and walked fast to reach outside.

"I want to learn how to do the 'mash potato'." I said flapping my chicken arms and stomping my foot: side to down. Hannah joined, laughing at how ridiculous we looked to on going pedestrians.

We sang the tunes and danced the moves as we waited for Hannah's mom to come and pick us up. She arrived shortly after we started to twist, and we ran over and jumped into the car.

"So how was it?" Hannah's mom asked checking herself in the rear view mirror.

"Insane!" We both replied, laughing shortly after.

"That's good." Her mother replied turning out of the parking

lot.

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I arrived home, still practicing my "link wink." I chuckled to myself, picturing myself dancing on the Corny Collins Show with Tracy, Amber, Link, Noreen, and Doreen. I slowly walked to my room, still mumbling the words to You Can't Stop the Beat. I kicked off my shoes and sat down on my bed, taking out my cell phone to check my messages. No messages. I felt drowsy, starting to dose off on my bed. My red blanket engulfed me, making me feel saturated in comfort. My eyes fluttered, images from the sixties spinning around my head. Flashes set off and I heard Michelle Pfeiffer's voice singing, seducing my mind into a deep sleep.

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I heard myself sigh, with my eyes still closed. I had woken up but still didn't want to open my eyes from the magical night of slumber. I slowly opened them, only to blackness. I could hear the radio on, with some kind of swing music on. I couldn't see anything, and was sure it was daytime because when I arrived home everyone was sleeping. Why would the radio be on at night? I started to breathe heavily, whining at the thought I had gone blind.

"I'm blind!" I yelled out repeatedly. I noticed I didn't sound like myself and started to think my voice box had been tampered with in the night. I screamed bloody murder until I felt a tap on my shoulder. I jolted up, frightened by the touch. My eyes began to be flooded with light as something was being lifted off my eyes.

"I knew it would scare you one morning to wear that damn eye cover." A sultry voice said from behind me. I turned around and saw a brown haired, short woman with high hair standing behind me. She was wearing a polka-dotted dress, and a white apron. I looked around the room, seeing green walls and posters of The Corny Collins Show and Elvis. I was in another room from the one I had fallen asleep in.

"What would you like for breakfast Link?" The woman asked placing her hands on her hips. \_Link? \_I thought to myself. My name was Peterâ€| "Link?" The woman repeated.

I felt myself compelled to say something. Like word vomit or something.

"Life cereal." I said, questioning my impulsive words. The woman left my room, closing the door behind me.

"I have a weird feeling I'm not in Connecticut anymore." I said to myself looking down at my bed. I pulled the sheets off me, revealing my much longer legs. I stepped onto the carpeted floor. Everything looked so tacky; yet so appealing. I walked over to the mirror, to find myself looking at a handsome Link Larkin from Hairspray. This was no framed picture, this was my reflection. I felt my chin, then felt my entire face. I slowly made my way down to my underwear, which might I add was very comfortable, and pulled the elastic out to take a look. That definitely wasn't mine. I took a deep breath and scratched my head. I was Link Larkinâ€|Something was really wrong.

I opened my dresser to find a many striped sweaters. I picked out a blue one, and then picked out pants to match. I slipped on my shoes; my very shiny shoes. I then walked over to the mirror and saw tons of hairspray and gel. There was a spray bottle of water, that I sprayed almost too much of onto my hair. I took the comb into my hands and looked into the mirror confused. How was I supposed to do my hair? I combed it out, surprisingly reaching my eyes. I licked my lips baffled on what to do. I then combed it back to see my forehead. It was so easy to comb through. I pushed it up a little, and then pulled out a little curl for my forehead. Just like it looked in the movie. I did it a couple times, until it was just right. Then I took the bottle of Ultra-Clutch Hairspray and sprayed it all over my hair. A lot of it. I coughed and wheezed until the hairspray subsided from my lungs. Satisfied with my appearance, I walked out of my room into a hallway. I looked both ways, and then followed the music from the radio into the kitchen where my "mother" had put a bowl of cereal on the counter for me. I sat down at the counter and took the spoon into my hand. I ate slowly, not knowing if Life cereal tasted the same in the 60's. I took a sip of my orange juice, which was very sweet. I was confused on what to do nextâ€¦ What day was it?

I walked out the door, and down the steps out of the apartment building. I saw a school bus coming towards me and finally it stopped dead at my feet. The doors opened and the bus driver waved at me.

"Good Morning Link."

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A/N: Man this is like my favorite story I have ever written. Please review! I will continue no matter what because I'm having so much fun writing it! Please Please review. Next chapter, you will learn about Link being in my body!

End  
file.